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[From the Democratic Review.]

WEST POINT.

A TALE OF TREASON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BETHS," "LAFITTE," &c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER NINTH.

On the eastern bank of the Hudson, two miles southwesterly from West Point, there stands, at the present day, a time-worn dwelling. It is a long, rambling structure, two stories high, and erected, apparently, at different periods—a low gallery, in some places sunken, running around it, with vines creeping around its slender columns, and grass growing in its crevices; shrubs have got root-hold on its moss-covered roof, and hang over the eaves in graceful festoons. It is in the centre of a lawn, from the bosom of which numerous fine old trees of a century's growth, send up their trunks to a great height, and form a broad canopy of foliage above the venerable roof. Every thing about it—its worn-eaten fences, its thick, soft grass, like piled velvet, which age only can give; its long range of noble old barns, once red, but now browned and blackened with the storms of eighty winters; its gigantic shrubbery; an avenue of box trees that look as if planted under a woman's eye, ere the Revolution, give an air of old family dignity and antiquity that is seldom found in this young western world. A forest shut out the prospect of the river from the south gallery, but a range of mountains, Dunderberg and his satellites, fill the eye instead, while Anthony's Nose, clothed with trees to its top, rises abruptly from the lawn, which is blended with its base to the height of a thousand feet. On the west and north, Fort Putnam, now nearly hid by the trees that have been suffered to grow up immediately around, and old Crow Nest, are striking objects in the prospect. From the house a winding carriage road leads through a romantic wood to a small cove in the Hudson, near the outlet of a brawling brook which intersects the grounds, where is a landing place for small boats. This is called Beverly Cove, and the dwelling above described Beverly House. Here Arnold held his headquarters during his command at West Point.

In a large square room of the mansion, its low ceiling intersected by traverse beams, carefully white-washed, the capacious fire place flanked by panel work, and little closets, with but a single door (beside that opening into the hall) leading into a small room lighted by a single window looking to the north, there sat, the morning after Andre's arrest, a party at breakfast. It consisted of Gen. Arnold who was in the usual gay and social vein, his youthful and lovely wife, whose maiden charms had won the admiration of Andre,* and Colonels Hamilton, and McHenry, aids de camp of Generals Washington and La Fayette.

In the midst of their meal and an animated conversation on the subject of their contemplated attack on New York, a horseman rode up to the door and an orderly entered the room with a note which he gave to Gen. Arnold. Putting down an egg which he was about to break into a little China cup before him, he opened the letter and read with a palpitating heart and a sense of suffocation:

"Sir, I send forward under charge of Lieutenant Allen and a guard which will arrive at Beverly House by noon, a certain John Andre, who was taken while going toward New York. He had a passport signed in your name which is doubtless forged, and a parcel of papers taken from his stockings which are of a dangerous tendency. I send him to you as a commanding officer, feeling that it is a case presenting too many difficulties, and involving too much for me to decide upon."

JAMESON, Colonel, &c.

'Till this moment Arnold had believed that his treason was successful. From the hour of his arrival at Beverly house, after taking leave of Andre, he had been singularly active and alert in all his duties, and with the officers about his person was on more than usual terms of confidence and intimacy. That morning Col. Hamilton and McHenry had rode forward to his house from Fishkill to announce the approach of Washington & La Fayette to dine with him. Such was the confidence this great man reposed in him. Alas, how repaid! The friendship of such a man as Washington—the moral atmosphere which he diffused around him, should have saved him from such a fall.

*It is a singular fact that Andre was an admirer of Miss Shippen, afterwards Mrs. Arnold, who was daughter of chief justice Shippen, of Philadelphia, where he first saw her during his occupancy by the British army.

With an effort of self-command almost supernatural, he read the information of the capture of Andre and the defeat of his plans, so long forming. He folded the letter, suppressing his emotions the while so effectually as to prevent the least suspicion of the occurrence of any extraordinary event, and taking up the egg he had laid down, deliberately broke it into the cup, and for a few seconds longer continued to eat his breakfast, and addressed with ease a few common place words to Col. Hamilton. At length he said:

"Gentlemen, I beg you will not let my departure interrupt your meal. I have just received a note requiring my immediate presence at West Point. George, have my horse immediately saddled and brought to the door."

Then rising from the table he hastened up stairs to his private room, situated at the northeast corner of the house, and dispatched a servant to the breakfast room to say to Mrs. Arnold that he desired to speak with her.

"Mary," he said, in a voice of the deepest agitation, closing the door, and taking her in his arms, "we have been united but eighteen months, but we must now part forever. I have been, unknown to you, engaged in a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton. The note I have just received tells me of the arrest of his messenger to me, with papers on his person, either of which would become my death warrant. Nothing remains for me but instant flight to the enemy. My barge is at the landing. I can reach the Vulture by noon. Escape now will be easy. No one here is aware of my criminality. An hour hence it will be too late. Though Jameson is too dull to suspect me, Tallmadge or others may ere this have seen the papers, and be on their way to arrest me. Instantly burn all my papers. Now, farewell, dearest.—God bless you. The heaviest blow this inflicts will reach me through you. Now God bless you—bless you!"

Hastily embracing her he fled from the apartment, and though a shriek, prolonged and wild, and a heavy fall reached his ears as he descended the stairs he lingered not, but flung himself on Col. Hamilton's horse, his own not being yet at the door. Giving the animal the rein, he took a by path around the stables, galloped rapidly along the hedge, and descended a wooded hill through a dry, rocky ravine, almost impracticable to horse, but down which he recklessly urged the noble animal, which, plunging, leaping, and sliding on its belly, the spurs of the rider cutting into the rocks as he bore upon them with his heels, reached the bottom, and leaped the brook clear into the carriage road. Riding forward like wind through the wooded bottom, Arnold gained the cove, where, beside a small pier, his barge, with six men, was in waiting to convey him, as usual at that hour, across to West Point.

He threw himself from his horse, and sprang into the boat.

"Push off, Cuyler!" he said to the coxswain, with anxious impatience. "Lively, men, lively! Clear from the shore! Set your oars to that snaking rock, and help her! There, she's off.—Thank God! Now let fall and give way.—Starboard, Cuyler! Hard a starboard!"

The boatman started, "Are we not going to West Point, sir?"

"No, below! Urgent affairs require my presence on board the Vulture. Pull out into the middle of the river, and take the full force of the tide. Lay to your sweeps well, men.—You shall have a guinea a piece when you run your boat under the counter of the Vulture."

The men gave utterance to a kind of a cheer and bent to their oars with a good will. Cuyler sat in the stern sheets, steering her with a steadiness and skill that added almost a seventh oar to her speed. For a while the barge stood steadily down the river, passing on either hand scenery of savage grandeur every commanding eminence of which was crowned with a redoubt.

In about an hour they emerged from the highlands into a broader part of the river, and approached the fortress at Verplanck's Point, commanded by Col. Livingston. Arnold, who had hitherto sat in the stern of the boat, with his arms folded, only rousing himself from a gloomy reverie by cheering the boatmen to renewed exertion, on nearing the post placed in the stern a white handkerchief fixed to his sword which had the effect intended, for Col. Livingston regarding it as a flag boat permitted it to pass without ordering it to be stopped and examined. This was a trying moment to the traitor and he scarcely breathed till the barge was out of gun shot. The Vulture was now in sight a league below and in another hour he was on board of her.

We will here dispose of the traitor in a few words. Although his plan had failed, he was made a Major General in the British army, and was otherwise rewarded for his intentions and previous services as Clinton's correspondent. But honorable men of the British army refused to associate with him, and officers to serve under him. After living many years in deep contempt and infamy, he died, miserably, at his residence in Grosvenor square, London; not only unpitied and unhonored, but leaving behind him a name which has become a by-word for treason among both the British & American people.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Two hours after the flight of Arnold, General Washington, accompanied by Knox and La Fayette, on their return from a visit to Count Rochambeau at Hartford, arrived at Beverly House, as previously arranged, to repose themselves and dine. Here learning from his aids that General Arnold had been suddenly called over to West Point on urgent business, he remained only long enough to take a late and hasty breakfast, and hastened to the garrison to ascertain if any thing important had transpired. Accompanied by all his suite except Colonel Hamilton, who was detained in writing letters, he rode to the cove by the usual carriage road. This is a firm gravelled avenue, running northwardly with an easy descent, through a line of old trees for a hundred yards, to the bottom of a dell, through which the brook before mentioned runs brawling over stones. Here, at a gate, the road makes a sharp angle to the left, and follows the course of the rivulet. A roof of densest foliage shields it from the noon-day sun, and seats placed at intervals along its borders, invite the rambling to repose; while the ceaseless gurgle of the flowing water, the singing of countless birds, the silence of the forest trees, save when their tops are moved whisperingly by the winds, tempt him to linger in its delightful seclusion. Such was the pleasant woodland path through which the party rode, such, save that time has made it lovelier, is it now. Just before they arrived at the cove they discovered the horse deserted by Arnold grazing by the path, his bridle beneath his feet, and his saddle and coat bearing traces of the red soil in which he had taken that equine luxury, a roll.

A passing remark was made by Knox on General Arnold's carelessness; the animal was led back to the house by a servant; and in a few seconds afterward the gentlemen dismounted on the little pier. Here a small pennant hoisted by an attendant sent in advance, was fluttering from a staff placed on a projecting point of rock, in answer to which a barge of eight oars was putting out from the fort of Buttermilk Falls, then a military boat station. In a few minutes the party embarked, and the boat moved swiftly through the water. The harmony of motion and action in a well-manned barge, produces, like all harmony, silence and musing. The simultaneous sway of the bodies of the oarsmen—the regular rattle in the rowlocks—the liquid dip of the falling sweeps—the answering leaps of the boat, all are harmonious, soothing, and conducive to meditation. After the first hundred yards conversation ceased, and each gentleman seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts. The scenery through which they moved, added also, its influence. On the right, stretched the eastern shore rising a rocky precipice from the water, and crowned with woods. On the left, the buttermilk Falls came tumbling and foaming in snowy sheets from the top of a cliff, and further on the shores were walled with lofty rural precipices. As they proceeded, the Highlands of Crow Nest and Bull Hill frowned down upon them, and from a promontory the fortress of West Point bristled with its iron battery. As they approached the landing, now disused, south of Kosciusko's garden, Washington observed with enthusiasm:

"Well gentlemen, it is fortunate for us that General Arnold has gone over to the garrison in advance of us, for we shall now have a salute and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among those mountains."

The barge continued to approach the shore without any notice from the fortress, when, surprised at the silence, and absence of all preparations to receive them, he exclaimed,—

"What! do they not intend to salute us?"

An officer now made his appearance descending the ravine, and reached the shore just as the boat touched it.

"How is this, sir?" said Washington, with some severity.

"Pardon me, General," said the officer in confusion, "I did not anticipate the honor of such a visit, or I should have been prepared to receive you in a proper manner."

"What! is not General Arnold here?" demanded the chief with surprise.

"No your excellency. He has not been here for these two days, nor have I heard from him, within that time."

"This is extraordinary, indeed," said Washington, "we were told he had crossed the river and that we should find him here."

He, nevertheless, remained and inspected the garrison and works, and then, reentered the barge with suite, and was pulled back to Beverly House.

As he approached the mansion Col. Hamilton met him with a troubled countenance and whispered in his ear:

"Alight, sir! I have a matter of the most vital importance to acquaint you with."

Washington accompanied him into the sitting-room and when the door was closed, Hamilton placed in his hands several papers, saying, "as the messenger who arrived with these shortly after you left, said they were of the utmost importance I opened them."

Washington read the letters which contained from an authentic source, the account of the capture of Andre and a copy of the papers in Arnold's hand-writing with the passport in the

same hand, found on his person. The guilt of Arnold was made clear as light, and the cause of his absence from West Point accounted for. It was plain that he had escaped to the enemy.

He has descended the river, ride Hamilton for your life," said Washington, "it may be possible to intercept him at Verplanck's Point."

Colonel Hamilton left the room and spurred away on what proved to be a fruitless errand. Washington now sent for Generals La Fayette and Knox to whom he communicated Arnold's treason, and placed in their hands the papers which confirmed it. His manner was composed and dignified. "Whom can we trust now?" he said calmly, after they had finished the perusal of the letters.

"Mon dieu! is it possible?" exclaimed La Fayette, crumpling the paper in his clenched hand as he swiftly paced the apartment.

"I always knew him to be a disaffected man, but by—did not expect the devil to turn out so black from hoof to horn!" said Knox violently striking his fist on the table.

"It is useless to show feeling about it now, gentlemen," said Washington, without betraying emotion or anxiety of any kind, "it remains for us to repair what injury he has done us, and prevent him from doing more."

The American General now directed all his energies to counteract the plans, laid by the traitor. Orders were forwarded to all the posts, the positions of the garrisons changed and the whole order of things as laid down by Arnold reversed. Sir Henry Clinton however, through the capture of Andre, was kept in ignorance and uncertainty until the arrival of the Vulture in New York with Arnold on board, the morning after his flight. The project therefore, was abandoned and the troops disembarked.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

It was not until noon of the following day that Andre arrived at the Beverly House, under escort of Major Tallmadge. This officer on inspecting the captured papers which were shown him, after Col. Jameson had sent the prisoner forward, saw that this officer was strangely blind as to Arnold's guilt. Expressing in warm terms of censure his opinion of the course pursued by Jameson, he requested and received the command of the escort, and after some delay, reached head quarters with his prisoner. Washington refused to see him lest he should forget what was due to justice to sympathy for his victim, and ordered him to be placed under guard in a small room, and a sentinel to be posted outside the door, and other precautions taken for his security, until he could be conveyed to West Point and thence to Teppan for trial.

It was late in the afternoon when Andre stood by his little window watching the setting sun, as hung low in the western skies above the summit of Crow Nest, and gilded with its slanting beams the walls of the fortress of West Point. His thoughts were turned on to a hopelessness of his situation. He knew that he must die. To be cut off in the prime of youth, his earthly hopes crushed, the ties of love, paternal and filial, forever broken, all that bound him to his fellow beings severed and destroyed! He turned away from the window and paced to and fro his narrow prison under the pressure of intense agony. Terrible was the conflict between his manhood and his human nature! At length reason asserted her power, philosophy and religion came to his aid, and he grew calmer. He resolved to bear his fate like a British soldier. After a few seconds he called to the sentinel and requested writing materials to be brought to him. They were cheerfully granted by Major Tallmadge, who had taken a deep and feeling interest in the fate of the noble youth. Seating himself at a table, Andre penned the following letter to Gen. Washington:

24th September, 1780.

"Sir, what I have said concerning myself to my captors, was the justifiable attempt to be extricated; I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded."

I beg that your excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest—a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me, as well as with my condition in life.

It is to vindicate my fame that I speak and not to solicit security.

The person in your possession is Major John Andre, Adjutant General to the British Army. The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary, is an advantage taken in war; as confidential, in the present instance, with his excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

To favor it I agreed to meet upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence; I came up in the Vulture, man of war, for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the ship to the beach. Being there, I was told the approach of day would prevent my return, that I was in my regimentals and had fairly risked my person. Against my stipulation my intention, and

within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and how much more I must have been affected by a refusal to conduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus became a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night without the American posts, to neutral ground and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for N. York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers.

Thus as I have had the honor to relate, was I betrayed into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

Having avowed myself a British officer I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself which is true on the honor of an officer and a gentleman.

The request that I have to make to your excellency, and I am conscious that I address myself well, is, that in any rigor policy may dictate, a decency of conduct toward me may mark, that though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an imposter.

Another request is that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend for clothes and linen.

I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentleman at Charleston who being either on parole or under protection were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Though their situation is not similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might affect.

It is no less, sir, in a confidence of the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station, that I have chosen to importune you with this letter.

I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect, Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRE, Adj't General.

When he had finished penning the appeal, he gave it to Major Tallmadge who read it with undisguised astonishment. He had suspected from his carriage, and the habit of turning on his heel in his walk, that he was a military man, but he had no suspicions that he held so high a rank in the British army, nor that the plot in which he had been connected with Arnold was so extensive and dangerous. He carried the letter to General Washington, who was deeply affected on reading it, but made no reply to it. After the prisoner had sent the letter, his mind appeared relieved and his features wore a calm and contented expression. He turned again to the window and the calm landscape lighted by the evening sky was not more placed and serene than his countenance.

"Andre!"

He started and looked around, but there was no one present.

"Andre!" was a second time repeated, as if close to his ear, in the gentle tones of a woman's voice.

He looked around, and up to the ceiling, when his eye caught a slip of paper falling fluttering at his feet. He lifted it from the ground and read with a sparkling eye:

"DEAR MAJOR ANDRE:—Though miserable my self I cannot be altogether so absorbed in my own wretchedness as to forget the griefs of others. Listen to me. I know your high notions of honor and the spirit of chivalrous self sacrifice that fills your bosom, but oh! for my sake—for your own—for that of your mother and sisters—for the sake of your country—do what I am about to ask of you! Accept life while it is in your power! Do not remain to die like a criminal! Life is now yours—to-morrow it may be due to justice! Alas! my heart tells me what will be your reply—but I will not therefore cease my exertions to save you. Assisted by a faithful slave, I this morning loosened two planks in your room. They afford communication with the cellar. Descend into it and Peter will meet you with a disguise, and conduct you by the western outlet, which opens among high shrubbery, into the garden, where he will conceal you till night, and then provide a boat for your escape. Do not, Andre, neglect this opportunity! Fly now! General Washington and his staff are now busy in the library, and nothing can prevent the success of the plan but your own obstinacy. Fly, Andre!—Escape! For the sake of all you hold dear on earth, lose not a moment, but fly!"

MANY.

The young man read this appeal with a sparkling eye and glowing countenance; when he concluded it he glanced upward and kissed his hand to the invisible author of it, then folded the paper, and placed it next his heart, and paced the room rapidly with a thoughtful brow and excited manner.

"Nay, nay, I will not I cannot—I may not! I must abide my destiny."

He stopped, surveyed the floor through every part, and then walked toward the side next to the hall and tread lightly on the two planks nearest the wall. They were loose. He stooped to lift them and they yielded to his hand and he gazed down into the dark cellar beneath.

"Come massa! cons' clear—dis jus' dis time!" said a low husky voice from beneath.

[See Fourth Page.]

